

BACK THE
VICTORY LOAN
BUY A BOND

GO TO SCHOOL
BY MAIL
WITH USAFI

MC GUIRE BANNER

McGUIRE GENERAL HOSPITAL

AUG 23 1945

VOL II

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1945

No. 40

CONGRESSIONAL MEDALIST



S-Sgt. Robert E. Laws, patient in Ward 9, was very much surprised to receive a telegram from the Adjutant General last week requesting him to report to the White House to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor from President Truman.

Two of Laws' ward buddies, Cpl. James E. Whitlow of Bassett, Va., on the left—and Sgt. Herbert C. Erswell of Toledo, Ohio, assure him that the telegram is the real McCoy.

Laws, who hails from Altoona, Pa., was wounded in action on Luzon last January. He reported to the White House yesterday afternoon, and with 27 other Medalists, received the nation's highest award for valor.

38-Year Old Servicemen Now Have Army Out

Enlisted personnel—other than patients—who have reached their 38th birthday may now petition in writing for a discharge from active service, post headquarters was informed by the War Department this week.

Prior to this official notification, several applications had been received, but were held without action. Discharge procedures have now been outlined by the War Department, and immediate consideration will be given all valid requests for severance.

Discharge is not automatic as the War Department circular authorizes commanding officers to retain individuals for a period of 90 additional days in such cases where replacements are not available. However, military necessity will not be a bar to discharge after this 90 day period has been completed.

Patients at McGuire General are not concerned with the provisions of this circular as enlisted personnel whose age qualifies them must be on a duty status in order to be eligible. Moreover, enlisted personnel will not be subject to release if disciplinary action has been taken and sentences meted out have not been completed.

All approved applicants will be sent to a separation center for discharge.

C&P Employees Volunteer to Show Film on Wards

Almost three times as many ward films were shown in McGuire last month because of the volunteer services of 134 civilian projectionists.

The volunteers, employees of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, attended special training classes under the supervision of Mr. W.M. Joyner, also of the C & P, and since graduating as projectors have shown 554 ward movies.

During July alone, 351 movies were shown to bed confined patients, in contrast to the average of 125 films showings scheduled in prior months before the services of the volunteers were available.

Present programming also calls for screens to be set up in single bedrooms, so that films may be run

Major Acosta



The late Major Francisco R. Acosta served as hospital registrar since June of last year, and helped to establish for McGuire a fine record in the reception and transfer of overseas patients.

Yesterday in the Post Chapel, special memorial services were held for Major Acosta, who had completed more than 29 years of active army duty before his sudden death last Thursday morning.

Pictured above is a patient being checked into McGuire by Major Acosta and former executive officer, Colonel Michael Sheppock.

off for the benefit of individual patients who cannot be moved to the larger group showings.

The Red Cross supplies two features weekly which are supplemented by GI films, and other features and shorts are rented from neighborhood dealers. Scheduling of these films is under the direction of Sgt. Edward Sweeney of the reconditioning service.

WRNL 'Monkeyshines' Show Returns to McGuire Tonight

"Monkeyshines at McGuire," popular radio gag show for patients, resumes tonight at 7 o'clock in the Red Cross auditorium, after a two-weeks layoff.

Emceed by Warde Adams, radio station WRNL quiz master, "Monkeyshines" has paid out almost \$700.00 to patients since its first broadcast last February. Over 200 patients have participated in the shows during the 25 weeks this program has been aired.

With the emphasis on zaniness, this weekly Friday night all-patient air show pays off in cash awards to competing patients. The patients are not briefed in advance and may find themselves on the receiving end of a charlotte russe, or getting reasonably familiar with the pretty lips of a local glamour gal.

Styled after the big network show, "Truth or Consequences," the gags for the "Monkeyshines" are created by Warde Adams with the assistance of Sgt. Lee King of the public relations office. Some stunts have wound up in surprise telephone calls to wives or sweethearts, eating peanuts while blindfolded, playing catch with cream puffs and jelly doughnuts, peeling potatoes, etc. Other contests have paid off in cash to winners of musical stories told in song titles.

In addition, the audience, which is usually capacity, comes in for a share of the prize money when Adams stops the stage show during each program, and calls for

the GI in the audience with the biggest feet, or the reddest hair, or the largest number of brothers and sisters, or a serial number ending in a certain two digits, or the unblushing GI who will admit to the greatest number of girls he is engaged to at the moment, or similar "qualifications."

Cpl. Eddie Weaver and the McGuire General band pace the broadcast, and also play during the advance warm-up show which begins at 7 pm.

The half-hour "Monkeyshines" broadcast is aired over WRNL each Friday at 7:30 pm, and the Red Cross highlights the evening's entertainment with a movie feature film shown immediately after the air show.

Carded on tonight's "Monkeyshines" program is an "Eat-it-or Wear-it" gag, in which three GIs participate, a duo of audience gags, a pair of musical quiz gags, and the usual initial gag which requires its victim to go through the audience in search for a "something-or-other" and within 20 minutes report back to Warde Adams with his findings.

Personal Affairs Program to Be Expanded

Plans for expansion of the Personal Affairs program at McGuire were announced today by Colonel P. E. Duggins, commanding officer.

Colonel Duggins said Lt. Chris J. Edmonds had been assigned as Personal Affairs Officer and that Lt. Robert T. Morrison, whom he replaces, would now devote full time to Separation Classification and Counselling.

"The Personal Affairs program is designed to furnish counsel and advice to members of the armed forces with respect to any personal problems that may confront them," Colonel Duggins pointed out. "At the Personal Affairs office any soldier may obtain accurate and current information concerning any personal problem affecting him or his dependents."

Lt. Edmonds' office is in the Military Personnel section. Patients and duty personnel are invited to visit him or call Extension 401.

INFORMATION AND ADVICE

Information and advice on personal problems is not limited to patients, Lt. Edmonds said. Members of the detachment and dependents of all military personnel may avail themselves of the service.

"The Personal Affairs office has information available on insurance, including conversion of National Service Life Insurance policies, benefits under the G.I. Bill, claims for clothing and equipment lost or destroyed in battle, and many other problems which may be bothering a man in service," Lt. Edmonds said. "Drop in and talk them over."

The Personal Affairs program has been broadened at all army installations to meet the needs of the increasing number of men returning to civilian life. It is designed to handle problems these men may have which can be solved more to their advantage while still in the service.

Working in cooperation with the Personal Affairs office at McGuire are Lts. Art Laiby and Kelly Litteral, Army Ground Forces liaison officers; Capt. Charles Via and Lt. Jesse Bowling, Army Air Forces liaison officers, and Lt. Morrison.

Formal Opening Slated for Sept. 1

Formal opening and housewarming of the newly decorated McGuire Civilian Center at 601½ Main St. is slated for Saturday evening, Sept. 1.

President George T. League pointed out that the success of the Civilian Center is directly up to McGuire civilian employees, and stressed the importance of enthusiastic cooperation from everyone in getting the Center off to a good start.

"In view of the need for financing the cost of decorating and furnishing the Center, members are urged to pay up on dues," Publicity Director Herbert W. Mack suggested, and also reminded all members and potential members that the present \$1 initiation will be upped to \$2.50 after September first. The monthly dues, will of course remain at the present rate of fifty cents per month," Mr. Mack stated.



Col. Horsley

she got aboard when I returned, she began chattering like a little magpie. And now, that's the first thing we do, the minute I get home at night."

Col. Horsley is the son of Richmond's illustrious surgeon, Dr. J. Shelton Horsley, founder and present surgical chief of St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

It was at St. Elizabeth's that Col. Horsley served his internship and a residency after receiving his M.D. degree from University of Virginia in 1929.

The colonel, now on leave from his assistant professorship in surgery at Medical College of Virginia,

(Continued on Page 4)

McGUIRE BANNER

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COLONEL P. E. DUGGINS, MC, Commanding Officer
LT. HOWARD B. LEEDS, QMC, Public Relations Officer.

Editor Sgt. Bernard Asbel
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IT'S YOUR PEACE

By PVT. LEONARD GREENBERG, Ward 50

Well, it's over . . . We finally did it, but it wasn't easy—No, it wasn't easy for us.

Because nothing in War is easy—And nothing about War should be easy. Why? Why shouldn't it be easy, you ask? Sure! Tough for the hated enemy. Sure!—But for our boys—Sure, make it a snap.

No! 'Cause then we might have gotten to like it—And the dead German along the ditches, lining the sides of hedge-rows in Normandy, and where they lay under a blanket of white snow, pure and shining, blinding snow, defaming the glory of Nature with their rotted bodies and rusted red blood.

We might have gotten to like all of this—God in Heaven forbid!—and wanted more, and made War glorious to men.

But this war was not a little boys' game, played by small children for candy medals—it was like a game at first . . . mother and dad and the sweetest girl in Duluth, or Chicago, or Los Angeles, or Brooklyn said, "How grand Johnny looks in his bright, new shiny uniform." Then the band struck up and everyone sang, "There's Something About A Soldier"—And we felt good, and big, and important.

But wait! Whoa! Let's go back a little . . . Remember long, long ago on the streets—of your home city? Remember civvies?

"Make mine a single-breasted drape for my frame. Powder-blue with shadow pin-stripes, 27-inch knee, Pops, and the cuff a straight 16. O.K., O.K. So wrap up a shoe-horn for the cuffs, but I got to be real! . . . Remember?"

And how your best girl looked at you . . . You sure were a handsome devil in your new uniform. All shiny and pretty. How good we all looked.

And the USO in a strange town where we weren't strangers, 'cause all the town-folk—girls included—turned out to push out the old straw mat marked "WELCOME".

The times we had . . . The good part of war, the tolerable part—Plenty of girls, and beer, and girls, night clubs in cities you never heard of before, and girls there too.

We did have fun . . . But we weren't in the Army for fun. We could have stayed at home and had fun. Plenty! And no asking "Please may I have a pass" and no one saying "Sorry but you're elected for KP Saturday and Guard Duty Sunday." We didn't need the Army for fun. No, sir!

There was a job for us . . . And we did a fine job, a grand job, a great job. You aren't strangers to that job. You know because YOU did it.

Filthy! Clean air fouled with the strong perfume of 3-day-old dead Normandy cows, and the ditches filled with Germans dead one day. The next day ours took their place. Unseeing eyes looking to the blue skies! Unmoving hands reaching out to pull down the white clouds for a personal shroud.

Stop! Why go back over? We know what is War. We know too well what it is.

Mud and Blood . . . That is War . . . Not the birth and death of nations—That is not war to us. Our brothers on foreign battlefronts . . . Our buddies who fought beside us . . . And some came back—Some didn't. We know. We came back. This was War . . .

All over . . . It is all over now. The world sings and dances in the streets—in the free streets. It stands on its hope-happy head and tries to shake the cobwebs from a war-weary brain. It throws us a promise—a challenge.

The peace is ours. It is in our teeth. Think . . . Think! What is it? What have we? The murder is done. The war won. The guns are silent and we have traded Death for Life.

The peace? A challenge hurled . . .

Remember what we were promised while we fought from muddy holes, in snow, in steaming jungle? Remember?

"A glamourous post-war world filled with—the new refrigerator for Mom—the new car for Dad—the new vacuum cleaner for maid.

Remember now? We know what to do with these things. They are old friends.

But wait . . . the new world of atoms? Our new peace? What of these things?

Up to you, brother American. Up to you. Citizen of a whole planet, be careful with our peace. Shovel the dust from your brain and make iron your fist.

It's your baby now.

Bars and Stripes

To FIRST LIEUTENANT

2nd Lt. Chleo B. Orchard
2nd Lt. Lillian H. Stewart
2nd Lt. Philomena A. Venezia

TO SERGEANT

T-5 Nell W. Conlee

To TECHNICIAN 4TH GRADE

Cpl. Addie E. Lawrence

To TECHNICIAN 5TH GRADE

Pfc. Lucy G. Pfeifer, Pvt. Hedwig Berthold, Pvt. Mary Charpentier, Pvt. Jean G. Cousins, Pvt.

Clara G. George, Pvt. Mildred H. Holmes, Pvt. Mary E. Kenna, Pvt.

Elizabeth J. Lawrence, Pvt. Mildred C. Martin, Pvt. Laura K. Mattingly, Pvt. Charlotte M. Marritt, Pvt. Lillian C. Overcash, Pvt. Clara J. Pruitt, Pvt. Lillian Richman, Pvt. Marion E. Richmond, Pvt.

Marcella L. Simpson.

TO PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Pvt. Charles Bernhardt.

Give some guys some rope and they'll skip it with your girl.

* * *

Love begins when she sinks into your arms and ends with her arms in the sink.



By LT. ART LAIBLY

Q. Where and when must a person have been on duty to be entitled to wear the American Theater Ribbon?

A. To be authorized to wear the American Theater Ribbon, an individual must have been permanently assigned to duty in the American Theater, outside the continental limits of the United States (see WD Circ. 62, 1944 for boundaries of the American Theater) or he must have been assigned as a member of a crew of a plane or ship making regular and frequent trips over ocean waters beyond the continental limits of the United States.

Q. What is the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program, and who is eligible to receive benefits from it?

A. It is a program to provide medical, nursing, and hospital service for the wives, and infants of men in the four lowest pay grades of the armed services, without cost to the men or their wives.

Q. How do I apply for free maternity care for my wife under the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program?

A. A service man, or his wife may obtain an application form for maternity, or infant care at the local Red Cross office, or by writing the State Board of Health of the state in which they reside, or by contacting any physician who is cooperating with the state E.M.I.C. program.

Q. Under WD regulations, does the fact that an enlisted man has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor rate him a salute from officers?

A. It does not, although officers sometime salute a Medal of Honor winner. The only thing the Medal of Honor rates under regulations—aside from the prestige it confers as the nation's top award for valor—is extra pay for enlisted men. Officers receive only the medal.

(For more information, see Lt. Art Laibly, AGF Liaison Office, A & D Building, or call Ext. 259.)



By Suzanne McLaurin Connell

Let us turn to a few of the topics which are of pressing importance now that the world of the future has suddenly become the World of Today. Among the most interesting subjects today are the foreign policy of the United States, the advances made by science, opportunities for jobs, and the European question; these and many other subjects of interest are ably discussed in books which you can find in your library.

For example, if you are wondering about the position of the United States in a world at peace, read *Prefaces to Peace*. This excellent book is a symposium consisting of the following: *One World*, by Wendell Willkie; *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson; and excerpts from *The Century of the Common Man*, by Henry Wallace, and *The World of the Four Freedoms*, by Sumner Welles. Here you'll find the opinions of five distinguished Americans, stated in terms which will help you to clarify your own ideas about peace.

Or, if you'd like to read a fascinating book about the great part played by science in winning the war and creating the postwar world, be sure to read *New World of Machines*, by Harland Matthews. The author is a newspaperman who had the foresight to realize that one of the most dramatic acts of our history was being played in the laboratories throughout the United States,

The Wolf

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"Don't leave . . . There's a girl for everybody!"

by Sansone

Paging Christmas Shoppers

By MARY BELL

Paging Christmas Shoppers! . . . An acquaintance remarked the other day, "The loveliest Christmas cards I ever saw were those I bought for a song one year in midsummer."

Did you ever have that comfortable, secure feeling of being calmly, collectedly ready for the holidays—the assurance that comes from having done your shopping leisurely with time to spare for selecting a gift to please rather than one that is merely "something to give"? . . . Receiving value for your dollar is a further point to consider. This, you'll agree, our McGuire PX consistently offers.

Summer opportunities for Christmas possibilities are right here: A piece of Luggage for a special friend or perhaps your sister . . . We've seen some good values . . . It's worth your time to stop, look and think . . .

Pajamas have a way of making themselves scarce just before Christmas, as in the past few years has been the case with Perfume . . . And current bargains in Jewelry have already opened the eyes of some . . .

You'll be Johnny-on-the-safe-side if you make your selection when the PX receives what you prefer in this merchandise.

In the event you're that "fruits and vegetables in season" type and such premature suggestions tend to give you seasonal indigestion, please promptly forget the subject.

Meantime, best wishes for an all-ready Christmas!

GI SHAVINGS

BY

Pvt. Joe Q. McGuire



It is now about 0715, and we again join the headquarters detachment as they go through the wake-up process.

At this point the men fall into two natural categories—those who would rather eat than sleep, and those who would rather sleep than eat.

Big Ralph Phillips is foremost among the chow hounds . . . if they served five meals a day, he'd want six. Curley Geiss is anxious for breakfast, too, as it has taken him a while to build up his investment and he wants to keep it at peak. And he does.

The general trend is now definitely toward the mess hall. Jim Sheehan in his novel green zoot suit, Newton in his whites, and Rosenberg in his khaki, make a striking trio—and this is more local color than the army usually sees.

Joe Hatem and Goldberg offer their routine gripe, "If they serve French toast again this morning, we're going to quit."

Dube strolls to breakfast reading the morning paper as usual. He does more reading while he walks than the average GI does in three days.

Ed Sweeney briskly steps off the food route. He manages to have pep even before the sun is warm.

Coggins peeps from beneath his covers when someone yells at him to climb out of the sack. "Gee," he says, rubbing his eyes, "I thought it was Sunday," and he goes off again.

At this time a few of the men who live off the Post begin to arrive . . . Max Schneider, bulging over the window of his little red car, cruises by.

Readyng the barracks for inspection now ensues—sweep, dust, mop, polish brass, GI latrine amidst the chronic argument of "who dirtied up the latrine after I just finished cleaning up."

Dubraugh—as usual—is trying to borrow a shirt . . . Atmanchick gives the last-minute brush-off to his shoes . . . the barracks are ready for inspection, and the fellows shove off for their jobs.

As the last man out lets the door slam behind him, Coggins crawls into his necktie . . . he just had to get up, as it's so lonely in the barracks with the fellows all gone . . .

GIs aren't the only ones that get a lot of overseas mail. Lt. Elizabeth Jane Moore, ANC, grabbed off 22 letters and a pair of cablegrams within a span of 24 hours one day last week . . . all from the same source of supply, too . . . McGuire's "Ancy."

Chapel Schedule

PROTESTANT

Sunday Service.....9:30 a.m.

CATHOLIC

August Schedule

Sunday Mass8:30, 11 a.m.

Confessions.....Before Mass

JEWISH

Friday Services.....7:00 p.m.

Barrel Roll

NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y. (CNS)—William (Red) Hill went over Niagara Falls in a barrel while 100,000 persons watched. Hill survived, the crowd applauded politely, then yawned and went away. All Hill received for his trouble was \$300 in nickels and dimes.

Some people have no respect for age unless it is bottled.

37 Months In Jap Prison Compound

Brave Army Nurse Tells Own Story of Life in Prison

By Ruby Grace Bradley, 1st Lt., ANC

I knew that the Japanese were near as we had to evacuate Baguio with the Army only a few days before our capture. There were only two Army nurses stationed at Baguio at the beginning of the war, and I was the senior nurse. We had heard the news of Pearl Harbor only an hour before our camp was bombed. So with sixteen American women and children we were captured about three miles northeast of Baguio. That was the beginning of 37 months and 5 days under the stare of a stolid emotionless Japanese guard.

When we were taken back to Baguio the city was filled with Japanese. We were crowded into an abandoned barracks building intended for 75 soldiers. There were nearly 500 of us, including children.

We slept on the floor for nearly four months—glad to be under cover, as the high mountains gave us much cold and wet weather. We were limited in space, bedding rolled up in day time to allow walking room. I well remember the man who was too polite to awaken a mother who had pinned his mosquito net to her baby's diaper—he just endured it until dawn.

PLENTY OF WORK

We soon found plenty of work to do in caring for sick internees. We only received a small amount of water for cooking which was carried two miles. Flies appeared over night, dysentery everywhere, nauseating odors permeated the place. The sanitation was inconceivable. The Japs tossed refuse everywhere and did not use toilets. Then men of our camp built an outside toilet which we appropriately named "The New Odor of the Far East."

One night we had a maternity case that we wanted to send to the hospital. The Japanese civilian commandant had to secure permission from the Commanding General in charge of the armed forces in Northern Luzon. The General had been on a party and refused to be disturbed—he said the patient could wait until morning. We explained to the Commandant that cases of this type did not wait.

The little Japanese civilian, not wanting to admit defeat in his request, again called the General and when he returned he sadly shook his head and said, "So sorry, the General is a great General, but he does not know anything about babies." Then we were sure that we must have a hospital. We rapidly cleared and scrubbed a store-room, made an ether mask from a tea strainer and in a short time a fine American boy was born. With his clenched fists it appeared that he was defying any Japanese General to keep him waiting.

WE LOOTED BEDS

We looted beds from adjoining cottages and anything that could be used for a hospital. We were warned about bringing any sharp instruments to the hospital, as our only function was to care for dysentery cases.

But when I found the instruments including knives and scissors, securely wrapped in towels, I kept them with me—collecting needles, suture materials and dressings. In a few days we were doing major surgery, but I kept knives and scissors hidden for over a year, only keeping them out when actually in use.

The food was poor. Rice was always thickly populated with weevils, which I did not particularly mind, but cock-roaches and worms with eyes staring me in the face was a different situation, and often made swallowing difficult.

Our faith and hope never faltered. We made an American flag from small pieces of cloth and I had the honor to sew on the blue, the star for our state of West Virginia. We would gaze at it on each 4th of July, and when coming away from the hidden spot, we always had the feeling that those colors were symbolic of our hopes for the future.



U. S. ARMY NURSES from Bataan and Corregidor, freed after three years' imprisonment in the Santo Tomas Internment Compound, climb into trucks as they leave Manila, Luzon, P. I., on their way home to the U. S. The nurses are wearing new uniforms given to them to replace their worn-out clothes. Lt. Bradley (fourth from left) waves good-bye to friends. Building in background at right is the improvised hospital in which former McGuire patient, Col. Garnet P. Francis, was wounded when Japs bombed the hospital and killed internee upon whom Col. Francis was operating

There was a mad rush of the Japanese—then all was quiet within but the rumbling of tanks became more audible as they came near our front gate. We were watching from our windows wondering what was happening—then the grand smell of American gasoline and the sound of American voices—we knew the hour had arrived.

Around 9:00 P. M. an American tank crashed the gate and slowly moved up the lane followed in a short time by 15 more tanks and then our soldiers on foot.

The internees broke forth in a thundering cheer such as I had never heard before in giving our boys the welcome they justly deserved. We shouted greetings to the boys and they in return called to us. We were overcome with joy.

The campus was filled with shouting, internees rushing from the buildings to greet the soldiers and the happiness that shown in their faces was indescribable.

We did not do much celebrating of our liberation as the casualties among the internees and soldiers started to mount. We continued to care for the sick and wounded. The building received numerous direct hits, killing and wounding some.

It was hard to see our friends who had waited for this day being killed, or maimed for life when freedom was so close. Although we nurses had been on hospital duty

during internment—malnourished and in need of rest, we were stimulated to work with greater effort. Many parents in talking to our American soldiers explained, "I am happy my boy is in the Army."

We were happy that at least we were free and could have all the little things for our comfort again. We do not ask for anything—most of us would like to go back. I have lost my heart to the Filipino people

—they are so sincere, so pathetically grateful to the Americans for their liberation, so helpful to us in time of need.

It is great to again be with our Army—there isn't a better patient in the world than the G. I. soldier. When the tanks rolled into Santo Tomas we were eternally grateful to the people back home who had given us such a grand Army.



JAP BOYS are trained for warfare almost from birth. Most of their toys are guns or swords.

Civilian Center No. 2 Stages Dance

Tomorrow night at 8:00 pm, McGuire General's civilian center No. 2 is staging a jumping jive dance jamboree to the solid sending of Camp Lee's 17-piece band.

Admission is free to members and McGuire patients, but a twenty-five cent fee will be paid by others. Hostesses from among the civilian employee pretties of the Post will be on deck to show the boys a good time and keep the tempo torrid.

It's a Lot of Gas

ETO (CNS)—Between D-Day and V-E Day, the Transportation Corps delivered 1,645,145,840 gallons of petroleum products to the continent. In 1941, this would have carried every car in the world from New York to Chicago.

GI GETS AN ETO EYEFULL

BY ROBERT MUSSEL

United Press Staff Correspondent

DUSSELDORF, June 8 (UP)—"I understand that you have the most envied job in occupied Germany," I said to the GI.

"I'm just doing my duty," modestly answered Sgt. John Flynn of Worcester, Mass., as he told another girl to lift up her skirt and open her blouse.

We were standing near one of the Rhine bridges. Ahead of us several M.P.'s were screening—that is, questioning—some German girls and displaced Russian and Polish girls. A trim little German blonde tripped our way.

"Who says I got the best job?" Flynn wanted to know.

"All the GIs I've talked to in the 94th division," I told him.

"Shucks," said Flynn. Then, to the girl, "All right now, lift your

skirt. A little higher."

Flynn made a motion. "Like this," he said. "Okay. That's fine. Now open your blouse. Okay. Beat it."

Flynn sighed.

"Some of those guys who think this easy ought to try it. Legs and stuff all day long."

"Tell me," he said. "You've been around Broadway. Do those producers get tired of looking at chorus girls, too?"

"I hadn't noticed."

"Well, I do," said Flynn, as a displaced person whose figure certainly wasn't misplaced moved towards us.

"Skirt," said Flynn, with a rising gesture.

Up went the skirt.

"Blouse," he yawned.

"Okay, move along." Flynn yawned again.

"I get like this toward the end of the day," he explained. "Earlier I'm a little more interested. My

boss, Lt. Neal Creighton (Detroit, Mich.), gives me a little pep talk now and then."

"When we first moved into this territory I used to be at it ten and 12 hours a day. Lt. Creighton and the rest of our crew hardly slept at all."

"In view of your unequalled observation in this desert of nonfraternization, what do you think of continental womanhood?"

"The ones I meet are lousy," said Flynn.

And with that he packed his portable power-driven delousing outfit which dusts D.D.T. anti-louse powder through the clothing and upon the anatomy of lice-laden persons.

Flynn hurried off.

"They got a good picture at camp tonight," he called over his shoulder. "Not a women in it."

Oregon Journal,
Portland.



Amputee Archers Line up on the Target

An archery contest for amputee patients was staged outside of Bldg. 403 last Sunday afternoon, when wheelchair bowmen lined up to bulls-eye the straw target at 40 yards. Although none of them had ever before used a bow and arrow, some of the boys made remarkable scores.

The complete archery equipment was donated to the hospital by James

B. Denby, manager of Rowlett's Sport Store, who was on deck to referee the contest.

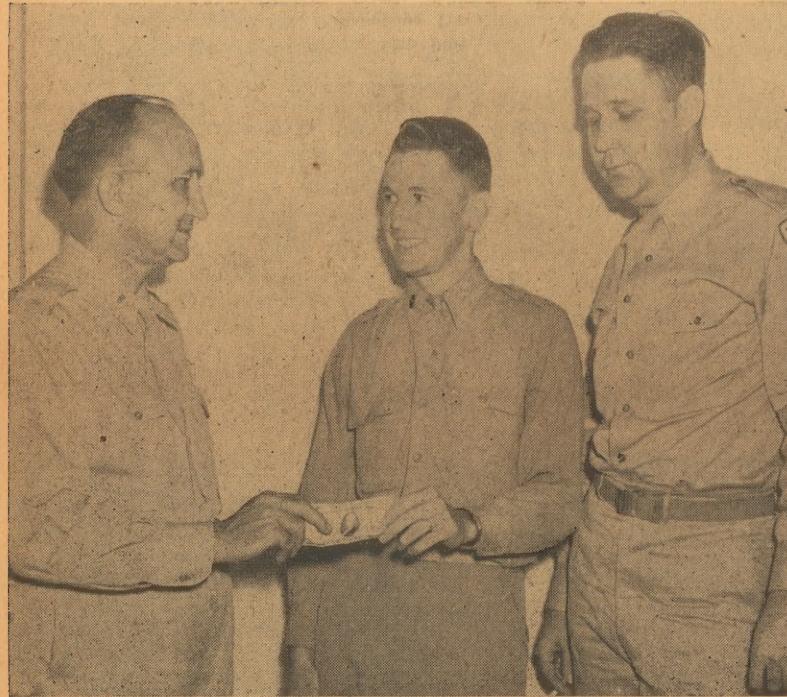
Richmond Archers Club members, J. P. Gunter, H. T. Harland and A. G. Fones coached the patients for the contest after giving a demonstration of the proper stance and form.

Cash prizes for the winners were

contributed and awarded by Joe Brown, emcee of WRVA's "Okay America" radio show.

The archery equipment has been assigned to physical reconditioning section and will be available in the post gym to patients who elect this sport, it was announced by physical reconditioning officer, Capt. John M. Sisley.

HITTER HITS JACKPOT



Top home-run hitter during the past season, WOJG Bob Conway, coach of McGuire Generals, receives from Supply's Major William E. Barnes the \$10.00 prize money offered personally by the Major, while special services officer Lt. John Berman looks on.

Score book records credit Conway with two 4-baggers; the first in the game against Navy, and the other against league leaders Reynolds Metals.

Sgt. Bill Allison also chalked up two homers during the season, but only one of them was in a league game.

So They Say

By 1st Sgt. Bill Allison

Walter Kiesling, Green Bay Packers' line coach, who started his pro career long, long ago as a member of Ernie Nevers' Duluth Eskimos, never scored a point. In fact, Walt, who played tackle, claims he had only one chance. That was in his first game, against the old Kansas City Cowboys. "I fancied myself a drop kicker," says Kiesling, "and during the game there was a situation calling for a try for goal. I was nominated, but the ball squirted off to the right. They never called on me after that."

Penn State and Bucknell have met 34 times on the football field, but have yet to play a tie game.

The Phillies will train in Miami Beach next spring, now that travel restrictions are lifted.

P. K. Wrigley owner of the Chicago Cubs has been a season box holder at the Chicago Blackhawks' hockey games for five seasons, you'll find him sitting behind the players bench, and competing with his wife in cheering.

The Yankees have the only sports writer-coach in the big leagues. He's Johnny Neun, who writes a soccer column for a Baltimore newspaper.

Tris Speaker admits he still gets a thrill out of being asked for his autograph. Unlike a famous contemporary, Ty Cobb, who seldom enters a sports arena, Tris is an ardent baseball, football, boxing, and hockey fan. He disagrees with other old timers who compare stars of their day to modern athletes to the detriment of the latter. Sometimes I think big money comes too easily nowadays and lessens incentive," says Speaker, "but don't let any one tell you all the great ball players are dead."

One for the book! A sign on a drug store counter. "No we have none under the counter. Yes, we've been called that before."

Army officials report that Australian baseball fans get a bigger thrill out of arguments between players and umpires than seeing home runs knocked.

When my mother asked why I never got promoted to Sergeant, I didn't say, "A corporal's as high as I can go and still have friends."

Blind Bogey Golf Tourney Slated

Something new in golf at McGuire—a "blind bogey" tournament for duty personnel and patients alike—will be held at Laurel Country Club next Wednesday, Lt. John J. Berman, special services officer, announced today.

Players may be either enlisted or officer personnel, masculine or feminine, with the only drawback to entrance of duty personnel that of essentiality.

"If duty personnel can be spared from their jobs that afternoon, they may enter the tourney," Lt. Berman explained. "The decision is up to the section chief."

Free transportation, golf clubs and balls will be provided. Buses will leave the hospital at 9 a.m. carrying patients entering the tournament, and at 1 p.m. for duty personnel. At the course, three balls will be given each participant for use during tourney play. There will be no green fees.

The "blind bogey" feature of the tournament makes it possible for any player to win, regardless of his or her golfing ability. It works like this:

The "bogey" will be a number between 60 and 80, to be selected from a hat. It will not be announced until after tournament play is concluded.

Each player will select a number between 60 and 80 as his handicap,

great many of the last third came to McGuire as patients.

While in Italy, the hospital was only about 21 miles from the front lines, and Naples was bombed two or three times a week during the first ten months we were there. From then on the city was subjected to sporadic bombings until V-E Day.

The World War II unit was first in action overseas at Rabat, French Morocco, and after the completion of the African campaign, was moved to Italy.

During June of '44 the hospital functioned at peak capacity, averaging 1900 surgical cases per day and one day 240 battle casualties were operated within a 24-hour period. Patients remained in the hospital on an average of one week or so, to sixty days.

One third of all cases treated were returned to duty, one-third to limited service, and the other third was ZI'd for return to the States. A

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Col. Horsley became surgical chief of the 45th General in 1944 and served in that capacity until his return to the States last month. He was commissioned as a full colonel in April of this year and was assigned to McGuire as Chief of Surgical Service on August 16th.

Some civilians believe a bivouac is a new type of female soldier.

She told the most interesting bedcheck stories.

McGUIRE On the Air

OPEN HOUSE AT McGUIRE

Saturday, 5:30-6 p.m. From WRVA HEAR Lt. Ruby Bradley tell her own story of the 37 months she spent in a Jap prison camp.

HEAR Pvt. Leonard Greenberg's blank verse epic of Peace. Script written and produced by Lt. Howard B. Leeds, public relations officer. Narrated by Sgt. Barry Sherman.

HEAR special music by Eddie Weaver's McGuire Band.

MONKEYSHINES AT McGUIRE

Friday, 7:30-8 p.m. WRNL HEAR AND SEE this hilarious quiz show at the Red Cross. Fun begins at 7 p.m.

CORPORAL EDDIE WEAVER

Thursday, 3:45-4:00 p.m. WRVA HEAR organ melodies by McGuire's band leader. Featuring interviews with patients.

OKAY AMERICA

Tues., Aug. 28, 9:30-10 p.m. WRVA HEAR AND SEE this all-patient show starring Joe Brown transcribed in Red Cross Hall. Show begins at 7 p.m.

